

To His G R A C E

The Duke of ORMOND:

Upon His Second Accession to the GOVERNMENT of IRELAND.

*Multos alterna revifens
Lufit, & in folido rurfus Fortuna locavit. Virg.*

WHat means this mingled Pomp on Sea and Land?
Why do the thronging Chariots croud the Strand?
A Ruler Comes, who Governing Obeys;
With ANNA's Power *Hibernia's* Scepter fways:
A Viceroy, who the Great Commission brings,
And stands the Second to the Rank of Kings.

But why with this UNCOMMON Air and Grace,
Lightens fuch Gladnefs in the Soldier's Face?
Why leap the neighing Steeds, and bound fo high?
While the shrill Trumpets Clangor rends the Sky,
And with UNUSUAL Pride the waving Banners fly?
Why do's th' Artillery, in its Triple Round,
With MORE TRIUMPHANT Thunder shake the Ground,
And Roar with fuch SINCERITY of Sound?
A Martial Prince arrives, whom Honour charms;
Cover'd with Laurel, and Renown'd in Arms.
Who, rich with Nobleft Blood that rolls from far,
And always lavish of that Blood in War;
By his own Deathlefs Acts the Fame maintains
Of Kings and Heroes, blended in his Veins.

Virtue, long Injur'd, and Opprefs'd, revives;
A Viceroy Good, as well as Great, arrives:
A Perfect Hero; Polish'd, and Refin'd
With all the Gifts of Body, and of Mind.
A Ruler flow to Punish, fwift to Save,
Juft, Noble, Gen'rous, Merciful, and Brave;
In Arts of War and Peace compleatly skill'd,
And finish'd for the Council, or the Field.
In whom with fecret Pleasure We admire
To fee fuch Sweetnefs with fuch Strength confpire,
And awful Majefty with fprightly Fire.
Who ev'n in Fight with dreadful Beauty glows,
Shining in Armour, darting on his Foes;
And Storming, where the thickeft Troops engage,
With lovely Horror, and becoming Rage.

O! were my Verfe, like Him, ferene and ftrong;
Did *Virgil's* Spirit animate my Song;
Like *Venus's* Son this Figure fhould be feen,
In dauntlefs Courage, and in graceful Mien.
Not more confummate did That Hero fhine,
With all His Air, and Panoply Divine;
Nor round His Perfon was more Luftre fpread,
When *Dido* Languish'd, or when *Turnus* fled.

What greater Bleffing cou'd be giv'n by Fate?
ORMOND refumes the *Fafces* of the State.
Reftor'd to Rule, no Introducer needs;
But, like returning Light, HIMSELF Succeeds.
Tho' His Immortal, Great Forefathers, bore
This Dignity which He fustain'd before;

Tho' other Princes in long Order ftand,
His Predeceffors in This High Command;
Th' Illuftrious Lift of All who Thither rofe
HIMSELF His greateft Predeceffor fhows.

Amidft this gen'ral Joy, at His Return,
Driv'n from Their Pofts, the *Sons of Faction* mourn.
Thus Elves, and Birds ill-omen'd, in the Night
Licentious range; but foon as cheatful Light
Has chas'd th' unwholfome Damps and Shades away,
Owls, Bats, and Goblins fly th' o'erpow'ring Ray,
Unwillingly retire, and murm'ring leave the Day.

Thus I, Brave Prince, by Fortune hither tofs'd,
Attempt This Subject on *Hibernia's* Coaft;
I, who fo oft on *Ifis Banks* have ftrung
My Lyre for ORMOND, and would fain have Sung:
Where to Thy Fame are heard immortal Lays;
And all *Apollo* labours in Thy Praise.
I, the leaft Worthy of That tuneful Train,
Tho' now Advent'rous in this Daring Strain,
Honour'd by Their Commission, Thus appear;
With Their Applaufes to attend Thee Here.
They, while Their ORMOND's Merits I rehearfe,
Will own the Gratitude, tho' not the Verfe.

While in delightful *Oxford* We refide,
Govern'd by ORMOND we obey with Pride;
Arriving Here, our ORMOND Here we find,
And meet th' Authority We left behind.
Apollo Thus, Thus Beautiful and Great,
O'er various Realms prefiding, chang'd His Seat.
Now *Lycia* with the Prefence of the God
Was Blefs'd; now *Tenedos* His lov'd Abode:
Now to His Native *Delos* He reftor'd
The Pomp of Joy: Still Honour'd, and Ador'd;
Still Ruler of the *Mufes*, ftill admir'd,
And Sung by Thofe whom He Himfelf inspir'd.

Where'er

Where'er We go, still hearing ORMOND's Name
 If not Thy *Government*, We meet Thy *Fame*:
 That to avoid, the World We must forsake:
 Nay ev'n beyond th' irremeable Lake
 Thy Glory lives: If *Thither* We repair,
 Ev'n if We leave *This* World, We find it *There*.
 There by Great *William* list'ning Kings are taught
 In *Flandrian* Fields how bravely ORMOND fought:
 How still like *William's* self Great ORMOND dar'd;
 That Blood exposing, which with Him He shar'd.
 There at the Sound of *Vigo's* Battle won
 The fitting Shades of *Gallick* Squadrons run:
 Express their sudden Fear with Airy Skreams,
 Like Men pursu'd and frighted in their Dreams;
 Stop'd in their Throats th' abortive Clamour dies,
 In slender Accents, and unfinish'd Cries.

At Thy Return, True Merit, long disgrac'd,
 Shines Beauteous, in its proper Sphere replac'd.
 Impartial Reason Lawless Rage controuls,
 And Justice in its Channel smoothly rolls.

So when *Sol's* foolish Boy had fir'd the World;
 And from th' unguided Chariot headlong hurl'd,
 Had stop'd the mighty Ruin by his Fall:
Jove walk'd around t' Explore the shatter'd Ball;
 To Rectify, Resettle, and Repair,
 Dispers'd the Clouds of Smoke that fill'd the Air:
 Restor'd the *Stars* above, the *Woods* below,
 And taught the lessen'd *Rivers* how to flow.

Yet fawning *Sycophants* will still resort,
 To pay their false *Devoirs*, and crowd the Court:
 Thy Favours *impudently* hope to share,
 And whom They *always* curs'd would *Twice* ensnare.
 How will the baffled *Hypocrites* be griev'd,
 To find their Frauds will not be *Twice* believ'd!
 That our lov'd *Heroe* will confide in None,
 But Those who *stedfast* *Vertue* still have shown,
 And true, untainted *Honour*, like *His* Own.
 Who long with *Grief* have seen such Worth betray'd,
 And *Goodness* with *Ingratitude* repaid.
 The *Best* of Men dishonour'd by the *Worst*,
 And Stung by *Vipers* which *Himself* had *Nurs'd*.

While Govern'd thus, We see *Hibernia* Smile,
 And only yield to Great *Britannia's* Isle;
 The Muses grateful Sons from *Envious* Time
 Preserve thy Glories in Recording Rhime.
 Nor Thou with Scorn their Humble Aid Disclaim;
 By Thee Supported, They improve Thy Fame.

So the Soft Vine dependant, as it grows,
 Round the tall Elm its twining Ringlets throws:
 Which, tho' with Native Majesty it stands,
 Tow'ring, and Great, and all the Grove commands;
 Some Ornament from That weak Plant receives,
 From its thick Clusters, and its mingled Leaves:
 O'er all the Trees more uncontested reigns,
 Grac'd by those Tendrils which it self sustains.

FINIS.